

City Life
SnapshotsBy Old Man Hatton.
MY BUTCHER.

MY butcher is a pleasant man. But he cannot make any money.

He hasn't since hard-times began. You see, they work it on this plan. The wholesalers, and this sounds funny—

The wholesalers get all the dough. My butcher does not make a nickel. He is so poor and full of woe. When he tells down the profits go. The tear-drops down my features trickle.

"The wholesalers, they got it all," He tells me each time that I meet him.

"The wholesalers have got a gall. There's no coin for the dealer small."

The higher-ups of profits cheat him. My butcher is an easy mark. The wholesalers (you know the story).

He has a town house near the park. A country home where sings the lark. A Rolls-Royce car in all its glory. My butcher's bank account's so pale. His wife at present is Palm Beaching. And he has three grown sons in Yale.

Who burns up money by the bale. His life, with poverty is screaming. A dollar's worth of lamb-chops I asked of my butcher, and I got A dollar's worth, and that poor guy

He heaved a very dismal sigh. And charged two dollars for the lot.

My butcher is no man of stealth. His poverty is nothing funny. He's just in business for his health. And not to pile up sordid wealth—

"The wholesalers get all the money."

From Here
and There

Justifiable.

"WHY did you beat this man so terribly?" said the judge, indicating the bebandaged figure of the plaintiff.

"I asked him why a horse had run away, your Honor," explained the prisoner, "and he told me it was because the animal had lost his equine-temper."

"H'm," said the judge. "Discharged."

Serena Audacity.

"HAVE a mind to give you a whipping!" exclaimed the impatient father.

"Well," replied the athletic youth, "maybe you can. But if you succeed it will be some item for the sport page."

Certain of It.

"WHY do you say that Brown is smarter than you are?"

"Why, you see, he had a chance once to marry my wife—and didn't."

Didn't Want to Talk.

IN the smoking room of an east-bound Pullman the other evening there were two men—one of them grouchy, the other one receptive. After smoking two indifferent cigars the latter said to the former:

"How far are you going?"

"Buffalo," acknowledged the other one, taken off his guard.

"Is that so? Well, Buffalo is a great town. I have a cousin living there and I've been there myself several times. The last time was during the Pan-American Exposition. So—what are you going to do in Buffalo?"

"Change cars."

A Critic.

SEEMS as pretty as a picture," said the young man.

"Yes," replied the young woman, with a glance at her rival's complexion, "and hand painted, too."

Of Course.

"HUBBY, the baby said something clever to-day, and now I've forgotten it."

"We must get a nurse who is a stenographer, my dear."

The Way They Tell.

THE line of carriages containing the members of the "Personally Conducted Seeing Europe in Thirty Days" had come to a stop before the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, and this conversation was overheard in one of the carriages containing two women:

"Mother, is this Rome?"

The answer came in a tired, "bored-to-death" tone of voice: "What day of the week is it, my dear?"

"This is Tuesday. Why?"

"Well, if it is Tuesday, it must be Rome."

Krazy Kat

By Herriman

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Yes and No

By Len Fleming

YES, Ambie, undoubtedly "The Birth of a Nation" should have been written around George Washington instead of Lincoln, as Washington was the "Father of Our Country." Now Washington is the Father of Our Mistake—and has a large and increasing family.

No, Ypsilanti, Mary Garden did not write the expression, "If You Want to Know Who's Boss Around Here Start Something." If you are interested in opera, why don't you get a job as understudy to Mura-tore's valet?

Yes, Reba, when a man gets a divorce from his wife he usually feels abstracted; and when he pays alimony he feels a still deeper abstraction. Of course, this is a secret between us—like the reason why they still let you live.

No, Silver, because you keep company with a widow is no reason why people should call her your

widow. I judge, however, that she would not mind becoming your widow and it may be her intentions eventually; so you have nothing to worry about—much.

Yes, Tillie, the customs office attends faithfully to its duties. In this respect it adheres strictly to customs. I know a sure cure for fits, but there's no cure for misfits.

No, Tweedledumb, I don't believe Julian Eltinge wants to employ a maid. Consult a dome architect.

Frank Enough.

"THERE'S just one other matter," said the prospective landlord to the flashy-looking flat-hunter. "It's only a detail—but we shall require a banker's reference. Do you think you could furnish us with one?"

The prospective tenant bit his lip doubtfully.

Yes, Swiggle, "The good die young" is a true saying despite the fact you are still alive. Maybe you are dead and don't know it. Better investigate, and if you are dead stop walking around and fooling people.

No, Cull, they don't call Broad street, Philadelphia, that because so many "broads" travel up and down it. Nothing you live in Philadelphia that explains everything—

Had to Be.

LITTLE five-year-old Bessie was telling about some medicine she had taken while ill.

"Yes," she said, "I took some compulsion of cod-liver oil, and—"

"You mean emulsion, don't you, dear—not compulsion?" said the visitor.

"Well," rejoined Bessie, "there was a good deal of compulsion about it."

you are not responsible. I think you're what is now known as a sa-loon-a-tic!

Yes, Sensible, castanets are musical instruments, not a medicine—as your friend seems to think. That is, it looks like he seems to think, but I presume he never does, for if he stopped to think I'm sure he wouldn't have anything to do with you.

No, Tenderfoot, if your Indian friend is convalescing from an ill-

Ferocious Quarry.

HE had held forth for so long on the subject of his adventures that the entire smoking room was distinctly bored. Finally he reached India. "It was here that I first saw a man-eating tiger," he announced boastfully.

"Pooh! That's nothing," said a mild-looking little man, edging toward the door. "I once saw a man eating rabbit." And he sauntered gracefully out.

Sassy Man.

A WELL-DRESSED lady having given the signal that she desired to alight, the trolley was brought to a stop, but just so that the rear step was directly over a small mud puddle. The lady looked an instant and then asked:

"How do you think I can get off here?"

The conductor replied:

"I cannot tell you, madam, but I do know that we can't wait until that puddle dries up."

that at will—and exchange places with the said corpse in due course.

No, Horace, King James was not a brother of Jesse and Frank. You have your English literature all mixed up worse than a movie scenario. Maybe you are another one of those precocious youngsters who couldn't leave the old folks long enough to attend school—the old folks spending most of their time in jail.

Yes, Hoofergoose, make a will by all means, especially as you say the State will get everything if you don't, and you will leave nothing but the earth. It would be too bad to leave the earth to the state, as there would be litigation between John D. and the state just as soon as the state started to collect.

No, Noah, they do not call 'em bucket shops because, after they get your money, they make you turn pale! They are named that because each bucket shop trims you out of each bucket can! Keep your money where it is, if you have any; if you haven't, keep it where it ain't.

Want to Live a
Thousand Years?

A DISTINGUISHED scientist, in a lecture, has just told an equally distinguished audience that before long men and women will live one thousand years.

It was not stated whether the wishes of the people would be consulted through the medium of a referendum. Possibly there are a good many people who would not want to keep up the struggle that long, but science will have its way. As a matter of fact the only man who could afford to live a thousand years at prevailing prices would be Mr. Rockefeller. Two or three of the Rothschilds might stick it out seven or eight hundred years. Given a thousand years of life, the average man wouldn't know what to do with it.

In this connection our own pet statistician has made up some figures showing what would happen if the average life were a thousand years in length.

There would be twelve thousand rent days.

There would be four thousand payment days for the income tax.

If an actor were a good actor he would play 563 parts. If a poor one, 5,000 parts.

A man would spend 833 years in sleep, half of this in bed and the other half, or about 161 years, waiting for numbers in public telephone booths.

He would have a chance to take part in ten wars and would spend a total of 112 years after these wars looking for jobs.

He would attend 19,000 punk shows and 673 good ones.

He would witness 764 crusades by professional paid reformers, but the world would wallow on in sin as per usual.

He would witness the unreeing of 17,896,873 miles of motion picture film and at the end would not be able to remember the plot.

He would accumulate 3,489 vacuum cleaners in various stages of repair and a large barnful of decrepit lawnmowers and discouraged baby cabs.

He would be hit by 4,563 Fords.

He would have 5,693 patent lead-pencil sharpeners, 3,986 glass cutters, 45,892 keys of various sizes and shapes, without knowing what any of them were for.

But, as a matter of fact, he would do none of these things, for along about the five hundredth year he would give up in disgust.

Our America

COOK'S tourists are comparatively extinct. Europe is no longer quite the home of the tourist and the land of the sight-seer as it used to be.

But America—with her rolling prairies and her rolling mills and her rolling pins—offers a wide and comparatively new soil for the itinerant postcard collector.

He can gaze into the depths of the Grand Canyon and think what a fine place it would be to throw razor blades.

He can look at Niagara Falls and repeat the Irishman's joke about it not being so wonderful, because there's nothing there to stop the water from going over anyhow.

He can get a kink in his neck verifying the count of the Woolworth Building.

He can climb up inside the Statue of Liberty and thereby discover that liberty—like a great many desirable things—is hollow at the centre.

He can scale the Alleghenies and breathe Pittsburgh soot in place of London fog.

He can wear out a pair of shoes in the Museum of Natural History and a pair of opera glasses trying to take in all the sights of Broadway.

The Trouble With It.

TWO young negroes met in the street, each wearing a new suit. One asked: "Nigger, how much do they set you back for dem clo's?"

"Forty dollahs," was the response.

"Forty dollahs?"

"Yes, sah; forty dollahs."

"Look at 'em," said the first. "See got on a suit w'at's mos' p'ersactly like yourn, and I don't pay but ten dollahs fuh mine. Somebody shore stinnammed you."

The possessor of the forty-dollar suit took hold of one of the coat sleeves of the ten-dollar suit and pulled on it. It stretched.

Then, straightening up, he said: "See here, boy, the fust big rain yo' gets ketcht out in, dat coat of yourn is gwine to say, 'Good-bye, nigger; com now on I'se gwine be yo' vest!'"